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## THE COTTAGE ON THE CAPE.

BY CHARLES F. ILSLEY.

"Put the large lamp in the window, wife—it  
is a dismal night, and hard will it be for the  
poor sailor if he has no beacon to guide him  
through its darkness."

"Hard indeed, James, unless the Almighty  
should watch over him and guide his vessel."  
"Terrible—terrible storm! May God have the  
poor seaman in his keeping!" solemnly ejaculated  
the woman, as she hung a large brilliant  
lamp in the window of the cottage facing the sea.

"Amen—amen!" was the hearty response of  
her husband.

At the time of which we are writing, light-  
houses were not so plenty as at present. Bea-  
con lights are now gleaming all along our coast,  
so that the mariner proceeds on his course in the  
night season with as much safety, nearly, as he  
does in the day time. Then rarely was the sailor  
blessed with the sight of a "light," and it was  
the custom of those who lived by the sea-side,  
when the night was unusually dark, or stormy,  
to put a bright light in their window facing  
the sea, in case any vessel should be passing.  
Where now the revolving, the colored, and the  
double lights are seen directing the mariner  
which way lies his course, and warning him  
of dangerous points and sunken ledges, then a  
few scattered house lamps gave forth their feeble  
rays, which were rarely seen in the distance in  
nights when the atmosphere was thick.

James Richards lived on Cape \*\*\*\*\*.  
His house, a neat one-story building, was situ-  
ated on the furthest point of the cape towards  
the sea. He was an old sailor, and had follow-  
ed the sea until he was three score years of  
age when he bought this spot and built him a  
house. It was a dangerous part of the coast,  
and this was one great reason, he said, why he  
settled there. "For he meant to keep a brother  
light burning in a dark night to light his brother  
tars on their way." And so he did while he lived,  
inasmuch, that Richard's light was proverbial  
for being the brightest and most constant of  
any along shore. Another reason why he  
liked the place was, he had been so long, he  
said, used to the roar of the sea, that he was  
like a child that could not sleep unless its accus-  
tomed lullaby was sounded in its ears; and here  
the sea kept up a perpetual roar. It was never  
so calm that the surf did not give out its sullen  
echo. But when the storm had stirred up the  
deep, and the wind came from seaward, then  
did the lashing of the waves come like full thun-  
der to your ears. And then would the look of  
anxiety be visible upon the features of the old  
sailor, as he sat in his chair listening to the dash  
of the spray, forced by the high winds hard  
against the side of his dwelling; and then too  
would the light trimmed lamp send from his win-  
dow its bright rays, which, if they benefited no  
one, showed the benevolence and good heart of  
the old man.

Richards' family consisted of himself, wife  
and two sons, the eldest thirty, and the young-  
est twenty-five years of age. "And smart ac-  
tive boys they are too," the old man would say,  
"as any about these parts. Show me one stronger  
at the oar than John, or quicker at the line  
than Samuel!" For catching fish, P! put them  
two boys again any two the Cape can produce;  
and for chasing "em Sam Stebbins is no touch  
to them! In truth this was not all a parent's  
boast; for John and Sam Richards were noted  
from \*\*\*\*\* Island to Cape \*\*\*\*\* for being  
the smartest hands at an oar or a line of any in  
that neighborhood; and this was no mean praise  
in those days.

The afternoon of the day on which our story  
opens, had been lowly, and appearances beto-  
kened a tempest. The two young men had  
been absent about a week on a fishing cruise.  
They were therefore anxiously looked for all  
the afternoon by their parents; more especial-  
ly, as they had out and their usual time of ab-  
sence. As the day wore away, and the ap-  
pearances of a storm increased, the mother's  
fears arose proportionally; although the father  
was too much of a sailor to be frightened as he  
expressed himself, at a black cloud. However,  
as the day drew near its close, and the wind  
began to increase, and the old man became une-  
asy, and his eye was directed often than usual  
seaward. The sun went down luridly in  
the west, and the large waves began to heave  
in with their feathery tops. The old man left  
the house and proceeded to the shore. There  
was a smooth sandy cove which made a snug  
little harbor; but save this, the Cape was lined  
with high rugged and shelving rocks. Mr.  
Richards seated himself on the highest eminence  
—Broadstone, it is called, directly on the  
pitch of the cape, from whence he could over-  
look the sea at all points.

Here as he sat gazing off, he would mutter  
to himself—"I don't like that white streak in the  
east, it is a weather lifter and bodes no good;  
and the scud there in the south looks badly  
skimming over the water at such a rate. It will  
be an ugly night, this. The plague is in the  
boys that they don't come home—they ought to  
know better than to be abroad such weather as  
this! Time and again as the dusk crept on,  
he would visit Broadstone, and throw anxious  
glances about in hopes of detecting an approach-  
ing sail, and then he would give vent to his  
spleen for their absenting themselves in which,  
however, fear, as could be easily seen, rather  
than anger was predominant. Darkness settled  
on the earth and ocean, still nothing met the  
eyes of the anxious watchers, but the dark  
green waves, rolling rapidly to the shore with a  
sullen and fearful murmur. The light had been  
put to the window of the cottage, and the sol-  
lenn "God have the seamen in his keeping,"  
said by Mrs. Richards, yet neither husband nor  
wife had said a word to each other about the  
peril of their absent sons. They seemed to hold  
back with fear from speaking of them as in dan-  
ger, and wondered only at their long stay, and  
hoped they would soon come. As the hour  
grew late, and the heavy gusts of wind swept  
by, and Mr. Richards had been once or twice  
to the shore without any signs of their approach,  
their anxiety was too great for silence, impos-  
sible prayers were put up by the mother for  
her sons' safety; while the father in a voice  
slightly trembling tried to comfort her, by say-  
ing—"fear not wife—the boys are strong, and a  
better boat never swam; they are well acquaint-  
ed with the coast. Besides, God will have them  
in his keeping, and will not leave us child-  
less in our old age.—Cheer up, and put your  
trust in him at whose bidding—"peace be still!"  
—the wave cannot harm them."

Ten o'clock came and went by. The boys  
came not. The storm was at its height. After  
walking the room a while, Mr. Richards asked  
his wife to prepare a lantern. "I am going,"  
said he, in answer to her enquiries, "to kindle a  
fire on Broadstone, if possible. Keep a good  
heart—trust in God and all will be well." So  
saying he left the house. It was but a short  
time before he had a bright light kindled on  
Broadstone, which threw his light far on the  
troubled waters.—Pray God the youngsters  
may see it! The old man muttered to himself  
as he heaped on the brush. He will not leave  
me desolate in my old age! Take me, Father  
Almighty, dropping on his knees and raising his  
arms in prayerful attitude—"take me but spare my  
children! take me all nothing worth—a worn  
out hulk, but spare the boys to comfort and sup-  
port their aged mother! A hand at this mo-  
ment was laid upon his shoulder, and a trem-  
bling voice said husily,—"James, James—H's  
will, and not ours be d me!"

"Wife, how came you here?—You should not  
be out in this tempest."

"Hark! there it is again—I was sure I heard  
it!"

"Heard what?" said her husband in astonish-  
ment.

"Hark—listen!" said she pointing her arms  
seaward.

Here was a fine scene for a painter. By the  
fifful glare of the fire, now blazing high in the  
air and now quivering low to the earth, as the  
wind lulled and increased, the old man might  
be seen with his head bent, and his body placed  
in an attitude which denotes the senses of the  
man entirely fixed on one object. His wife  
stood beside him, with one arm resting on his  
shoulder and the other stretched towards the  
turbulent sea, dashing and foaming around, her  
whole appearance exhibiting the same intense  
attention. Her head being bare, her long gray  
hair hung loose about her neck, and gave her  
an air of peculiar wildness.

It was but a moment when a bright flash was  
seen and a report was borne on the breeze from  
the seaward.

"They are coming—the boys are coming!"  
burst simultaneously from the aged pair.

"They see the light," said the wife hurriedly.  
—"Yet we hear on more wood, James—praise  
God!"

"We have reason to praise Him, wife, and  
may He who has protected them thus far, re-  
store them to us in safety!"

He will—he will," said the agitated wife, as  
she heaped large quantities of brush on the fire.  
As the flames shot up in the air, and were curl-  
ed about by the wind, the old man and his wife  
seated themselves to await the approaching ves-  
sel, that contained all that was dear to them.  
Their eyes were strained towards the cove in  
the hope of seeing her in that direction; but  
happening to turn their eyes, they saw the little  
schooner dashing over the waves right towards  
the high rocky part of the Cape. They both  
uttered a cry of horror. "Death—inevitable  
death seemed the doom of those on board."  
Onward she came, now rising high on a tower-  
ing wave, flitting on its top like a frightened  
bird—and now plunging down on the frightful  
gulf of foaming waters, as if to destruction—  
then slowly rising again, still struggling towards  
the high rocky part of the Cape. The aged pair stood for a moment  
like statues, gazing on the scene before them,  
until the bark shot into the shade made by the  
cliff and was lost to sight. Instead of running  
frantically about accomplishing nothing, as is

too often the case in scenes of alarm and dan-  
ger, the "old sailor" was put out. Bidding his  
wife advance to the edge of the cliff with the  
lanthron, Mr. Richards, with the speed of one  
some two scores younger, went to the house,  
procured a coil of rope and a fishing line, and  
was back to the cliff in less time than his wife.  
At this place the cliff rose forty feet, perhaps,  
above the level of the sea.—About two thirds  
or more of the way down was a shelf, project-  
ing out three or four feet. It was here the boat  
came ashore.

"Husband!" said Mrs. R. wringing her hands  
in agony—"what shall be done? what can be  
done! Father in Heaven, couldst thou not  
have spared them to us?"

"Peace—wife, peace!—wouldst thou, chide  
thy maker? say not a word, but attend to me,  
it is no place to be womanish here. Now, wife,  
pitch your voice to its shrillest tone, above that  
of the wind, and see if the poor boys are alive  
to make answer."

The woman did as she was bid; and bend-  
ing over the cliff screamed in a high sharp tone  
—"John—Samuel! my children!"

Her voice rang shrilly above the dash of the  
waves and blast of the gale.

"Mother!" came faintly up with the roar of  
the sea.

"Quick—the light—there is hope!" said Mr.  
Richards. Immediately the lantern was low-  
ered down by the line, and by its feeble light  
the oldest son could be seen on the shelf lean-  
ing back against the jagged rocks looking up-  
wards.

"There is but one—it is John!" said the old  
man wildly, as he bent in his eagerness fearfully  
over the edge of the cliff. "The rope, wife  
—the rope!" shouted he. In a second it was  
lowered down; swayed to and fro by the wind.  
John was not long in possessing himself of it.  
But what was the old man's horror, when he  
saw his son cast off his jacket, and grasping the  
end of the rope, walk to the very edge of the  
shelf, as if to jump into the waters that foamed  
at his feet.

"What is he doing—he is leaping into the sea!  
Merciful parent—boy—boy, will you leave me  
childless in my old age?" shouted he, in a voice  
hoarse with emotion, as he saw his son dive  
into the sea. He stood transfixed with hor-  
ror. In a few minutes, however, John appeared  
on the beach, and came running up the shore  
pulling the rope. The old man commenced giving  
directions to his wife to watch the motions of  
John. He soon made signs to stop hauling,  
and then was seen to lift the apparent lifeless  
body of his brother to the shelf. After examin-  
ing the rope he made signs for them to hoist  
again. It was a sight to witness that old  
man, by the uncertain light of a fire—the rain  
beating upon his gray head—straining himself  
to raise the corpse of his own son from the dark  
depths below; and when the body was raised  
to the cliff, to see the aged mother clasp it in  
her arms, and hear her voice, thick with agony  
—"Samuel, my son—would to God I could  
have died for you! The wind and heavy rain  
the while beating down upon her uncovered  
head, and flinging her grey and tangled tresses  
wildly to the air!"

The old man's attention was now directed  
toward rescuing his other son, who was in im-  
minent danger, as the tide was setting in, and  
ere long would probably wash him off the ledge  
of the wind having raised it to more than its  
usual height. He made fast the rope to a neigh-  
boring tree, and bending over the cliff, gave  
direction to his son to avoid the sharp rocks  
that jutted out, as he attempted the perilous  
ascend, steadying the rope and encouraging  
him the while.

"Father, your hand!" said John, breathing  
thickly, lifting his arm to the edge of the cliff,  
with high exhausted. At the moment he ut-  
tered these words, the rope, which had worn  
against the rocks, parted, leaving him dangling  
by one hand to the edge of the cliff, and by the  
other to the tired arm of his father.

"Wife! wife!" shouted the old man, in a  
voice hoarse with agony; leave the dead to  
attend to the living! His wife was so absorbed  
in grief she paid no attention.—"Woman!"  
shouted he in a voice of despair—"Will ye sac-  
rifice the living to the dead? Will you see  
your first born perish? Quickly, for my strength  
falis."

"What—what would ye, my husband?" She  
started up, and seeing the situation of her hus-  
band, stretched on the ground at full length,  
holding one arm of her son, she sprang forward,  
and bent down, grasped his other hand, and  
with almost supernatural strength, by one effort  
lifted her son safe on to the cliff, and then sunk  
beside him with no more strength than a child.  
She soon recovered, and their attention was turned  
to the younger son, who lay stretched out on  
the wet ground without sense or motion, ex-  
hibiting a pale and ghastly face as the light  
from the first expiring fire occasionally flashed  
over it.

"Is he dead, father?" said John, as he gazed  
wildly in his face. "It was an ugly blow the  
main loom gave him as we struck."

"Heaven be praised," said his father, "that we  
have one left—and thankful I am that the  
waves did not devour him. Wife, let us be  
comforted that his grave will be on the land,

and that he was not fated to float in the cold  
caverns of the deep."

"Father—mother!" said John, who had bent  
beside his brother, "he lives, I feel his heart  
beat!" and true enough it beat with returning  
life, and by midnight they were all gathered, a  
happy group, in the front room of the cottage,  
congratulating each other, and thanking God  
for their safety.

Where stood the humble cottage of James  
Richards, a brilliant lighthouse now stands;  
and it is the "best light" on the eastern coast.—  
Old John Richards is the keeper of it. Visit  
him, and he will tell the story I have related,  
far better than I have done; and will show  
the graves of his father and mother; and will  
tell how he and Sam worked for them and  
made them comfortable in their old age; how,  
after they were dead, Sam went to sea and  
found, after all, a grave, in the cold caverns of  
the deep; and that he never lights the lamps of  
the lighthouse, without thinking how eagerly  
he watched the fire kindled by his father on  
"Broadstone" in the night of the tempest, when  
he was out in the boat tumbled about by the  
waves; and how, upon the dark and angry  
waters, he vowed, if God spared his life he  
would consecrate it to him, forever and ever, and  
try to sin no more how Sam broke his vow that  
same terrible hour—ever since which the world  
went hard with him, until he was punished by a  
drowning death—of his own vow he speaks  
not, but from appearances, he has not forgotten  
it.

**YOUR CHILDREN.**—Sit down among your  
little children, and let me say a word to you a-  
bout family government. We good people of  
America, in our rage for self government, are  
in danger of not governing ourselves. Our lads  
grow up insubordinate; finding out, to our and  
their cost, that "it is a free country." An En-  
glish traveller could find no words in the United  
States; all being either children or men. The  
evil is undeniably on the increase. Parents are  
abandoning their reins; and when once this  
shall have become universal, all sorts of gov-  
ernment but despotism will be impracticable.

Take that despotic child in hand at once, or  
you will soon have to be his suppliant rather  
than his guide. This thing was accomplished  
by mere dint of authority; but the new way is  
as bad on the other side; no man is reduced  
to the necessity of cheating an extreme.

We often visit houses where the parents  
seem to be mere advisory attendants, with a  
painful secuness. Let such hear the words of  
a wise Congressman, of New Jersey, and a  
signer of the Declaration. "There is not a  
more disgusting sight than the impotent rage  
of a parent who has no authority. Among the  
lower ranks people, who are under no restraints  
from decency, you may sometimes see a father  
or mother running out into the streets after a  
child who has fled from them, with looks of  
fury and words of execration; and are often  
stupid enough to imagine that neighbors or pas-  
sengers will approve them in their conduct,  
though in fact it fills every beholder with hor-  
ror." I am afraid none of us need go many  
rods from home to witness the like. What is  
commonly administered as reproof is often  
worse than nothing. Scolding rebukes are like  
scalding potions; they injure the patient. And  
angry chastisement is little better than oil on  
the fire. Not long since I was passing by the  
railroad from Newark to New York. The train  
of cars pursued its furious way immediately by  
the door of a low "shanty," from which a small  
child innocently issued, and crossed the track  
before us just in time to escape being crushed  
by the locomotive. We all looked out with  
shuddering, when lo! the sturdy mother more  
full of anger than alarm, strode forth, and seiz-  
ing the poor infant which had strayed only in  
consequence of her own negligence, gave it a  
summary and violent correction. Inference:  
parents often deserve the strokes they give.

Implicit obedience—and that without ques-  
tion, expostulation or delay—is the keystone of  
the family arch. This is perfectly consistent  
with the utmost affection, and should be en-  
forced from the beginning, and absolutely.—  
The philosopher whom I cited above, says of  
parental authority: "I would have it early that  
it may be absolute, and absolute that it may not  
be severe. It holds universally in families and  
schools, and even the greater bodies of men, the  
army and navy, that those who keep the strictest  
discipline give the fewest strokes." Some  
parents seem to imagine that their failures in  
this kind arise from the want of a certain mys-  
terious knack, of which they conceive them-  
selves to be destitute. There is such a knack,  
but it is as much within reach as the knack of  
criving a horse and chaise, or handling knife  
and fork, and will never be got by yawning  
over it.

Not only love your children, but show that  
you love them; not by merely fondling and  
kissing them, but by always being open to their  
approaches. Here is a man who drives his  
children out of his shop because they pester  
him; here is another who is always too busy to  
give them a good word. Now I would gladly  
learn of these penny-wise and pound-foolish fa-  
thers, what work they expect over to turn out

which shall equal in importance the children who  
are now taking their mould for life. Hapless  
is that child which is forced to seek for com-  
panions more accessible and winning than its  
father or its mother.

You may observe that when a working-man  
spends his leisure hours abroad, it is at the  
expense of his family. While he is at the club  
or the tavern, his boy or girl is seeking out-  
door connexions. The great school of juvenile  
vice is the street. Here the orphan, while he  
"knuckles down at law," learns the vulgar art,  
or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the  
fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Here  
are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gaming,  
theft, and violence, I pray you, as you love  
your own flesh and blood, make your children  
cling to the hearth-stone. Love home your-  
self; sink your roots deeply among your do-  
mestic treasures; set an example in this, as in  
all things else, which your offspring may follow.  
The garden plant seems to have accomplished  
its great work, and is content to wither, when it  
has matured the fruit for the next race; learn  
a lesson from the plant.

## GOOD ADVICE.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin  
discussing matters with his son, who was com-  
plaining of the pressure.—"Rely upon it Sam-  
my," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff,  
with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a  
May morning, "murmuring pays no bills, I have  
been an observer many times these fifty years,  
and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by  
cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for  
nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and  
discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad  
I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any thing the  
better for flogging. The more you groan the  
poorer you grow."

Repining at losses is only pepper into a sore  
eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may  
be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides,  
I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod  
pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, "there  
is something which you have got to learn." Sam-  
my don't forget that your schooling is not over  
yet, though you have a wife and two children."

"Aye," cried Sammy, "you may say that, and  
a mother in law and two apprentices into the  
man can learn here, where the greatest scholars  
and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for  
their lives tell what has become of the hard  
money."

"Silly, Sammy, I am older than you. I have  
not got these gray hairs and this crooked back  
without some burdens I could tell you stories of  
the continental money, when grandfather used to  
stuff a sukky box with bills to pay for a yearling  
or a wheaten fan; and then Jersey women used  
thorns for pins, and laid their teapots away in  
the garret. You wish to know what you may  
learn? You may learn these seven things:

First—That you have saved too little and  
spent too much. I never taught you to be a  
miser; but I have seen you giving your dollar  
for a notion, when you might have laid one half  
aside for charity, and one half aside for a rainy  
day. Secondly—that you have gone too much  
upon credit. I always told you that credit was  
a shadow; it shows that there is a substance  
behind, which casts the shadow; but a small  
body may cast a shadow; and no wise man will  
follow the shadow any further than he sees the  
substance. You may also learn, that you have  
followed the opinion and fashion of others, till  
you have been decoyed into a hog. Thirdly—  
That you have been in too much haste to be-  
come rich. Slow and easy wins the race.  
Fourthly—That no course of life can be depend-  
ed upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the  
younger race of working men in America have  
had a notion that nobody could go to ruin on  
this side of the water. Providence has greatly  
blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly—That you have not been thankful  
enough to God, for his benefits in times past.

Sixthly—That you may be thankful that your lot  
is no worse. And lastly—To end my sermon  
you may learn to offer, with more understanding,  
the prayer of their infancy, Give us this day  
our daily bread."

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his  
apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge  
bellows. Newark Advertiser.

Liverpool papers to the 16th have been re-  
ceived at New York—they are a few hours  
only later than those received at Boston, and  
contain no additional news. We submit the  
state of the Cotton Market on the 16th.

Liverpool 16th August, 1837.

The demand for Cotton has continued brisk  
since our Circular of the 29th inst. and the busi-  
ness has been extensive at a further advance of  
1-4 per lb. except for good and fine qualities  
which have not improved to the same extent.—  
This makes the advance about 3-4 per lb. from  
the lowest point of the market three or four  
weeks ago inferior to fair qualities. There  
has been a material improvement in trade at  
Manchester both for goods and yarn which has  
induced the consumers to increase their stocks  
and it has caused some speculation and we have  
also had the benefit of a moderate export de-  
mand.











